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## Poetry.

### LET US GO.

Let us go, too, wherever Jesus goes;  
To the crowded street,  
Upon the hill-top's solitary  
Or where his people meet.  
Across the wave-tops of Genesaret,  
Or at the temple gate,  
Among the happy children, or beside  
The pool where sick men wait.  
Let us go, too, wherever Jesus goes;  
His people cannot ask  
A higher boon to grace their faithful love,  
A holier, sweeter task,  
Than thus to trace his footsteps in the sand,  
To hear him saying "Come."  
To roam beside him all the wide earth o'er,  
Yet ever feel at home.  
Let us go, too, wherever Jesus goes;  
And which of us would drink  
From that least gleaning, even though his  
step  
Led on to dangers brink?  
And which of us would stand, and see him  
pass  
Serene in glory on,  
Content to have him lose his hand from  
ours,  
And leave us here alone?  
Let us go, too, wherever Jesus goes;  
And if the pathway be  
Blood-marked among the ancient olive trees,  
And up Mount Calvary;  
Still let us go with him, 'tis passing sweet,  
To die, for Jesus died;  
And how, or where, or when, we little care,  
If we are by his side.  
Let us go, too, wherever Jesus goes;  
In the Ascension  
That the same cloud which wrapped him  
from the earth,  
May bear us, too, away;  
And the new, untrodden pathway through the  
sun,  
Be trod without a fear;  
Forgetting if our home is heaven or earth,  
If our own Lord is near.  
NOW OR NEVER.

Listen, young heroes! your country is calling!  
Time strikes the hour for the brave and the true!  
Now, while the forenoon is fighting and falling,  
Fill up the ranks that have opened for you!  
You whom the fathers made free and defended,  
Stain not the scroll that emblazons their fame!  
You whose fair heritage spotless descended,  
Leave not your children a birthright of shame!  
Stay not for questions while Freedom stands gasping—  
Wait not till Honor lies wrapped in his pall!  
Brave the lips meeting here, swift the hands clasp—  
"Off for the wars!" is enough for them all.  
Break from the arms that would fondly caress you!  
Hark! 'tis the bugle blast! sabres are drawn!  
Mothers shall pray for you, fathers shall bless  
you,  
Maidens shall weep for you when you are gone.  
Never or now! cries the blood of a nation  
Poured on the turf where the red rose should  
bloom:  
Now is the day and the hour of salvation;  
Never or now! hears the trumpet of doom.  
Never or now! roars the hoarse-throated cannon  
Through the black canopy blotting the skies;  
Never or now! drops the shell-blasted pennon.  
Over the deep snow where the Cumberland lies.  
From the foul dens where our brothers are dying,  
Alone and lost in the land of their birth,  
From the rank swamps where our martyrs are  
lying  
Pleading in vain for a handful of earth;  
From the hot plains where they've perished un-  
numbered,  
Furnowed and ridged by the battle-field plough,  
Comes the loud summons—too long you have  
slumbered,  
Hear the last Angel-trump—Never or Now!

## Useful Hints.

**COVERING FOR PRESERVES.**—White paper,  
cut to a suitable size, dipped in brandy, and  
put over the preserves when cold, and then a  
double paper tied over the top. All preserves  
should stand a night before they are covered.  
Instead of brandy, the white of eggs may be  
used to glaze the paper covering, and the paper  
may be passed round the edge of the pot in-  
stead of tied—it will exclude the air better,  
and may be pasted as well as tied.

**ARTICHOKES.**—Soak them in cold water,  
wash them well; put into plenty of boiling  
water, with a handful of salt, and let them  
boil gently for an hour and a half or two hours,  
trim them and drain on a sieve, send up melt-  
ed butter with them, which some put into small  
cups, one for each guest.

**TO FILL A DECAYED TOOTH.**—Procure a small  
piece of gutta serena, drop it into boiling wa-  
ter, then, with the thumb and finger, take off  
as much as you suppose will fill up the tooth nea-  
ly level, and while in this soft state press it into  
the tooth; then hold on that side of the mouth  
cold water two or three times, which will harden  
it.

**BALOGNA SAUSAGES.**—Take equal quantities  
of bacon, fat and lean, beef, pork, and  
beef suet; chop them small; season with pep-  
per, salt, &c., sweet herbs and sage rubbed fine.  
Have a well-washed intestine, fill it, and prick  
it; boil gently for an hour, and lay on straw to  
dry. They may be smoked the same as hams.

**TO REMOVE FRUIT STAINS FROM LINEN.** rub  
the part on which the stain lies with yellow soap, then tie up  
a piece of pearl ash in the cloth, &c., and soak  
well in hot water, or boil; afterwards expose  
the stained part to the sun and air until re-  
moved.

**TO MAKE AN ELEGANT BREAD PUDDING.** take light  
white bread, and cut in thin slices. Put into a  
pudding shape a layer of any sort of preserve,  
then a layer of bread, and repeat until the mould  
is almost full. Pour over all a pint of warm  
milk, in which four beaten eggs have been  
placed; cover the mould with a piece of linen,  
place it in a saucepan with a little boiling wa-  
ter, let it boil twenty minutes, and serve with  
pudding sauce.

**FOR KEEPING A DOOR OPEN.** place a brick  
covered neatly with a piece of carpeting against  
the door.

## Selected Tale.

### MISS FYFE'S MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE.

It was at a Ramsgate boarding house,  
and no longer ago than last autumn, that  
my wife and I first made the acquaintance  
of Miss Fyfe. She was staying there, with  
her maid, for the season, and my wife and  
she soon became intimate, so that after a  
time Miss Fyfe spent most of her evenings  
in our room. She was a pleasant com-  
panion, cheerful and good-natured; she had  
travelled much, both at home and abroad,  
and had lived up rich stores of informa-  
tion and experience, which she was al-  
ways willing to draw upon for the benefit  
of her friends. In person, she was tall  
and thin, with gray hair, a strong, resolute  
face, and large gray eyes, full of vivacity  
and humor. We were all seated round the  
fire in our sitting room, one cool evening  
in early autumn, when Miss Fyfe related  
to us the following adventure, which, I  
may here remark, I have her full permis-  
sion to set down and make public:

It is now some six or seven years ago,  
began Miss Fyfe, since my nephew, Tom,  
having just left college, came to reside with  
me for a short time previous to going out  
to India. I had been living for a year past  
in London, and had grown heartily tired  
of it; I had, the town and I never agree  
very well together, and by the time I have  
been in it a month or two, I always find  
myself possessed with an intense longing  
to visit either the country or the sea. So,  
in the present instance, I determined to go  
down for awhile to a little country house  
I have in Leicestershire, which happened  
at that time to be without a tenant, at  
which place it was arranged that Tom  
should join me. The idea of a few quiet  
months in the country was as pleasant to  
him as to myself, for he was busy with his  
Sanskrit and Arabic, and in London he had  
so many acquaintances, that his studies were  
being constantly interrupted. The begin-  
ning of June found us all comfortably  
established in Ivy Lodge—myself, Tom,  
and the two women servants, which  
were all that our establishment needed.—  
There was one fault to find with Ivy  
Lodge, and that was the reason why I  
could never keep a tenant in it more than  
two winters in succession; this fault was  
its distance from any other habitation, even  
of the humblest kind; the nearest house,  
being, in fact, two miles away, while it  
was six miles distant from the nearest  
country town. But neither Tom nor I  
cared for this in the least, for he got on  
famously with his studies within doors, and  
botanized to his heart's content in the  
fields; while a visit to Westbury once  
a week satisfied all my social require-  
ments.

Well, summer and autumn passed quietly  
and pleasantly away. One morning in  
early winter, Tom received a letter invit-  
ing him to attend the wedding of an old  
college friend, who lived about thirty miles  
away in another country. Tom replied, ac-  
cepting the invitation, and set off shortly  
afterwards without fixing the duration of  
his visit, which would probably extend  
over three or four days. On the second  
morning of Tom's absence, Mary, the  
housemaid, came to me to inquire whether  
I could contrive to spare her and Bessy for  
the afternoon and evening to attend the  
wedding at Westbury. I made no demur at  
letting them go, for they had been cooped  
up long enough without a holiday; so in  
the afternoon they were called for by Ma-  
ry's father, and duly driven away by him  
in his light cart. Before going, the old  
man observed that it would most likely be  
rather late at night before the lasses would  
get back again, but perhaps I wouldn't  
mind it for once.

If they are likely to be very late, I  
said, it will, I think, be best for them to  
stay all night at your house, and get back  
first thing in the morning in time for  
breakfast.

The manifest delight with which this  
proposition was hailed by the two girls  
only served to confirm it, so it was finally  
arranged that they should not return till  
morning. The cart was just turning the  
corner of the lane when it came into my  
mind for the first time, that Tom being  
away, I should have to spend the night  
alone in Ivy Lodge; and I remember fur-  
ther, that I had in the house a considerable  
sum of money, which I had drawn from  
the bank on the previous day for a certain  
purpose, and which was still lying un-  
touched up stairs. The feeling was not a  
comfortable one at the moment; but I am  
not naturally a nervous woman, and I soon  
banished the subject from my mind as one  
not worthy of much consideration. Be-  
sides, Wolf, the large house dog, would be  
protection enough for one night; and I  
determined to release him from his chain  
at dusk, and let him have the run of the  
premises. Then, again, who was to know  
I had been to the bank on the previous  
day, and still had the money in the house?

So I went in-doors, feeling as cheerful as  
usual, and made myself a comfortable tea;  
after that, set working for an hour or two,  
and then feeling the need of a change, put  
my sewing away, and took up a book

which Tom had brought me from West-  
bury a few days before. It was 'The Night-  
side of Nature,' a volume with which you  
are probably well acquainted. Situated  
as I was, having to pass a night by myself  
in a lonely country house, it was, with its  
strange narrative of apparitions and ghost-  
ly appearances, one of the worst books I  
could have chosen to read before going to  
bed. I was not long in perceiving this,  
but the fascination of the subject was such  
that I could not quit it; and I read on  
quickly, leaf after leaf, till I had got half  
through the book, when, looking up, I was  
surprised to find that the fire was nearly  
out, and the clock on the point of striking  
twelve. I shut the book, and rose at once  
to go to bed. 'How about Wolf?' I said  
to myself. 'Shall I go and release him,  
or leave him chained to his kennel? I  
would have him indoors for the night, only  
I know he would do nothing but scamper  
up and down stairs till morning, and put  
sleep entirely out of the question.'

I opened the door of the passage lead-  
ing to the yard door with the intention of  
releasing the dog, but at the same mo-  
ment, I felt a sudden nervous tremor shoot  
through me, such as I had never experi-  
enced before, and a strange disinclination  
to move out of the lighted parlor into the  
darker parts of the house. I sat down  
again in my chair to argue the point with  
myself, and prove to myself the absurdity  
of my fears. This I did quite conclusively,  
and in a very short time, but neverthe-  
less, I determined not to go and release  
Wolf. 'I have had a slight cold for the  
last two days,' I said to myself, 'and it  
would not be advisable for me to go out of  
this warm room into the night air.' Having  
found so reasonable an excuse for my-  
self, I determined no longer to delay  
going to bed; so I put out the lamp, and  
lighted my bed room candle without fur-  
ther parley; and carrying in my hand a  
little sash, which I had compounded for  
myself as a sovereign remedy for a cold in  
the head, I proceeded slowly and cautiously,  
for the influence of the book I had been  
reading was still strongly upon me, and I  
found it requisite to pause for a moment  
at every second or third step in my pro-  
gress upward, and glance back fearfully  
over my shoulder, expect to see I know  
not what—nothing, and yet something;  
perhaps a black, formless, crouching crea-  
ture, stealing noiselessly up stairs, and  
only waiting an unguarded moment to  
clutch me by the dress, and pull me back-  
ward; perhaps a gigantic phantom hand  
protruded from each door after I had  
passed it, menacing me with the anger of  
some power unknown; perhaps a white  
corpse-like face glaring over my shoulder,  
with sightless eyeballs and purple lips.—  
Inwardly annoyed with myself as I was for  
being so absurd, I could not for the world  
have gone up stairs that night in my usual  
careless fashion. But, thank Heaven, here  
was my bedroom at last. One more fear-  
ful glance over my shoulder, and then I  
hurried in, and closed and bolted the door  
with a sigh of relief. 'How I shall laugh  
at myself to-morrow for these idle fears,'  
I said; 'but, in any case, I won't spend  
another night alone in Ivy Lodge.'

When I got into bed, my ghostly terrors  
vanished in some measure, but in their  
stead I became oppressed with a melan-  
choly, undefined presentiment of some im-  
pending evil near at hand, but whence or  
how coming I could not tell.

Feeling thirsty after a time, I put out  
my hand to reach the tinsie, which stood  
on a low chair by the side of the bed, when  
—horror of horrors!—my wrist was sud-  
denly clutched by a death cold hand, which  
grasped it for a single instant, and then  
let it go. It is not too much to say that  
my heart ceased to beat, and all the pulses  
of life seemed to stand still in awful fear,  
but for a moment; the next, they burst  
madly on their courses, a cold sweat rap-  
ped me from head to foot, and I lay with  
wildly staring eyes, momentarily expect-  
ing the appearance of some dread apparition.

'Yes, there it is—coming—coming!' I  
whispered to myself, as a figure, black and  
vague, but still of human shape, rose slowly  
from the floor, till it reached what ap-  
peared to be a more than mortal stature,  
outlining itself as it rose against the white  
disc of the window blind. There was not,  
however, much time for consideration, for  
the next minute the blinding glare of a dark  
lantern was thrown full in my dazzled  
eyes, and a hoarse voice, a voice with a  
chronic cold in its tones, exclaimed:—  
'Now, mum, will you oblige me by get-  
ting up again? Sorry to disturb a lady,  
but it can't be helped this time.'

Only a vulgar burglar after all.

The revulsion of feeling, from the ghostly  
terrors of the minute before, was so great,  
that all my sang froid came back at once,  
and a predicament which at another time  
I should have deemed serious enough,  
seemed to me at that moment as but a  
matter of comparatively little consequence.  
How has the fellow got into my room  
without being seen or heard? was the  
first question I asked myself—a question,  
by the way, which at the present moment I  
am equally unable to solve, for a mystery  
it remains.

If you had only written to say you were  
coming, I would have sat up for you, I  
said, aloud.

'I wanted to give you a pleasant sur-  
prise,' he replied, with a grin. 'Are you  
going to get up?'

'Presently. Just step outside that door  
for a moment, while I put on a few clothes.'  
'None of your tricks, now,' he said,  
roughly, 'cos I won't stand 'em.'

'You are forgetting your manners, sir,  
to a lady.'

'Well, you're a cool hand, anyhow.'—  
So saying, he went outside the door, hold-  
ing it, however, carefully, both with hand  
and foot, while I hurried on my clothes.

I began by this time to feel rather more  
alarmed than at first, but still I thought it  
would never do to show it; to treat such a  
man with polite audacity, if my nerves  
would only carry me through the contest,  
was evidently the best plan I could adopt.

'I am at your service,' I said, in a cou-  
ple of minutes or so.

'Then light your candle, and go down  
stairs; you in front, me behind. But first  
hand me over that glimmering watch of  
yours. I always had a fancy for a lady's  
flicker.'

'You must be careful not to turn the  
key more than six times, when you wind  
it up, or you may break the spring,' I said,  
handing him with an inward sigh my watch  
and chain.

Now that the candle was lighted, I was  
able to see more clearly what the fellow  
was like. Both hands and face were thor-  
oughly blackened, and his head was fur-  
ther disguised with a rough flaxen wig and  
a fur cap. He wore a thick woollen com-  
forter round his neck, and a capacious top  
coat concealed the rest of his person. I  
determined to keep both eyes and ears  
open, to note any little peculiarity, either  
of voice or person, which might afterwards  
aid me in identifying him. It seemed to  
me unaccountable, that on that night of  
all others, when, for the first time since my  
arrival at Ivy Lodge, I happened to have  
anything like a large sum of money in the  
house, I should have to entertain such a  
visitor. It was almost hoping without  
hope, but still it was just possible that he  
might not be aware of my visit to the bank,  
and might not find the money in his search.

But the question was quickly decided for  
me. When we reached the foot of the  
stairs, I going first, and the man following  
closely behind me, he said:

'Stop a moment. Let us pay our first  
visit to that little room on the left, where  
you keep your books, and where there's a  
'a' some rosewood desk, in which, at the  
present moment, there's two hundred  
pounds in good money—seventy in sovereigns  
and the remainder in fimsies—num-  
bers all known, no doubt, but still dispos-  
able in the proper quarter.'

How in the name of goodness—or bad-  
ness—had he obtained such precise infor-  
mation?

There was nothing for it but to obey, so  
I conducted him into my study, opened my  
escrioire, and quietly handed him the  
money. He counted it over with a com-  
plaisant chuckle, and then put it carefully  
away in his vest pocket.

'Now, this is what I call a comfortable  
way of doing business,' he said; 'no fuss,  
no bother, no cries, no tears—business-like  
and proper. I hate folk that snivel and  
hawl, and always feel inclined to give 'em  
a quiet tap on the head. If everybody was  
as sensible as you, mum, our trade would  
be a pleasant one than it is. And now I  
think a few spoons and forks wouldn't come  
amiss, for I'm expecting company next  
week, and would like to do the thing in  
style. Ah! I wonder who was the first  
chap that found out it was vulgar to eat  
with a knife?'

Both spoons and forks were soon dis-  
posed of, and, sorrow of sorrows, my cher-  
ished silver teapot, together with sundry  
other articles of silver plate, placed in a  
capacious bag which Mr. Black procured  
from one of his pockets. 'There, mum,  
I'm pretty well loaded now, thank you,'  
he said, as he disposed of the last article.  
'And it's truly thankful I am that I came  
here without a pal, or else I should have  
had to go shares with him. I knew I could  
crack a little crib like this by myself—it's  
child's play, that's what it is.' He pulled  
out my watch, and referred to it with an  
evident air of satisfaction. 'Why, blow  
me, it wants two hours and a half yet  
till day. Time for a bit of supper, if  
you've no objection—hey, mum?'

'None whatever,' I replied. 'If you will  
follow me into the dining room, I will see  
what I can do for you.'

'Gosh! but this is prime, and no mis-  
take,' he exclaimed, turning up his coat  
collars, as I set before him a cold fowl, a roll  
of bread, and three parts of a bottle of old  
port. 'Best quarters I've been in for  
many a day, hang me if it isn't.'

He set to work with savage energy, and  
sat silently enjoying himself for several  
minutes, while I sat watching him closely,  
and trying to discover some slight personal  
traits which might assist me hereafter in  
recognizing him again.

'Here's your health, mum,' he said, af-  
ter a time, speaking with a mouthful, as  
he held up a glass of wine before the can-

dle; 'and the best wishes of a fellow  
whose heart doesn't hold too many good  
wishes for anybody.' Not a bad-tempered  
man evidently, when he could have his own  
way; and not without certain rude ele-  
ments of politeness in his composition.—  
When he had made a hearty meal, and  
finished the wine, he produced from one of  
his numerous pockets a little black pipe and  
a tin tobacco box. 'By your leave, mum,'  
he said, 'I'll just blow a little cloud, tho',  
perhaps, it's against the rule to smoke in  
the dining room; if so, say the word, and  
we'll adjourn to the kitchen.'

'You are a privileged visitor,' I replied,  
'so light your pipe by all means.'

'A brick! I said it before, and I'll main-  
tain it again,' he exclaimed, slipping his  
leg with his huge hand. 'Ah, a comfort-  
able crib this, and no mistake! he went  
on, puffing away in a contemplative man-  
ner at the little pipe, and I wouldn't mind  
if I was master here. What do you say  
mum? You're in want of a husband, and  
I'm in want of a wife—shall we make a  
splice of it? You're not quite so young  
and tender as you have been, you know;  
but I'll treat you well, and do everything  
that's right and proper by you; for I'm  
blessed if you're not the style of woman  
I'd pick out of a thousand: no sentiment-  
al nonsense about you, but plenty of  
gumption, and then you know how to make  
a chap comfortable. What do you say,  
mum—is it a bargain?' He leered at me  
with his bloodshot eyes, and with his head  
a little on one side, and took the pipe out  
of his mouth for a moment in his eager-  
ness to hear my reply.

'Thank you, but I'm not in want of a  
husband at present,' I said, 'and even if  
I were, I should prefer seeing you with  
your face washed before deciding to ac-  
cept you.'

He burst into a great roar of laughter,  
and slapped his leg again.

'Why, it's my full dress evening suit  
that I've got on,' he exclaimed; 'and I  
thought that I looked quite fascinating in  
it. Well, if you won't have me, you won't,  
there's no forcing an obstinate woman.—  
But let us have a drop more wine instead,  
there's more where that came from, I sup-  
pose.'

'Yes, plenty more in the cellar.'—  
'Then to the cellar we'll adjourn. Gosh!  
but it's prime stuff to stir a fellow's blood.  
Take a candle and lead the way, if you  
please.'

Taking a candle in one hand, and my  
bunch of keys in the other, I led the  
way towards the cellar, my black-visaged  
friend following closely in my rear. The  
wine cellar was reached by descending a  
steep flight of stone stairs, which opened  
out of a passage leading to the kitchen.—  
At the top of this flight of stairs was a  
slight door, partly made of glass, and at  
the foot of the stairs was a stronger door,  
which was usually kept locked. Having  
descended the stairs we entered the cellar,  
when I told him to choose for himself from  
several varieties.

'Couldn't improve on the last lot. But  
I say, mum, it wouldn't be amiss for me to  
carry away a couple of bottles, if—ha, ha!  
—you wouldn't think it too great a lib-  
erty, and I'll crack another up stairs be-  
fore I go.'

'You have such a polite way of making  
your wishes known,' I said, 'that I find it  
impossible to refuse you.'

Chuckling to himself, he bent down to  
pick out some bottles from the lower tier;  
while he was thus stooping, I gave a sud-  
den push with all the strength of my two  
hands, which sent him crashing head first  
among the bottles; and before he knew  
what had happened, or could recover him-  
self in the least, I had blown out the can-  
dle, and rushing to the staircase, had pull-  
ed to and double-locked the door behind  
me. In doing this, I had acted entirely  
without forethought, and on the impulse  
of the moment, without at all calculating the  
consequences to which it might lead, and I  
now sank down on the stairs in the dark  
with a heart that beat as though it must  
burst its bounds. Mr. Black quickly pick-  
ed himself up, with many oaths, from  
among the broken bottles, and stumbled  
towards the door. 'What fool's trick is  
this?' he shouted through the keyhole.—  
'Open the door, you hag, or I'll murder  
you when I get out!' But I had strug-  
gled up the stairs, and was away in the  
kitchen by this time, where I quickly re-  
lighted my candle. Leaving the candle  
for a moment, I hurried to the back-door,  
and unfastening it called, at first gently,  
and then louder, for Wolf; but hearing no  
growl of recognition, or joyful bark in re-  
ply, I hastened as fast as I could across  
the yard to his kennel; and there, by the  
faint light of the stars, saw my poor dog  
lying dead and cold—poisoned, doubtless,  
by that miscreant in the cellar.

This cruel deed seemed to set my blood  
all aflame with hatred of the man; the  
loss of my poor favorite touched my feel-  
ings far more closely than the loss of my  
money and plate had done, and with my  
dream of the wretch, swallowed up in a  
great measure in my desire for vengeance,  
I hastened back to the house, contrary to  
my first impulse, which had been to rush  
away and hide myself in the darkness.—  
But what had I to fear now? Was he

not trapped, shut up securely in the cel-  
lar, there to await his doom? Suddenly  
I remembered there was a brace of pis-  
tols generally hanging over the fireplace  
in Tom's little room; should the man suc-  
ceed in bursting loose—though I had little  
to fear of it, for the door was very strong  
—they might prove useful; but on coming  
to examine them, I found that they were  
not loaded. All this time Mr. Black was  
exerting his utmost strength to burst open  
the door; but it was stoutly built and so  
far defied all his efforts. I placed the  
candlestick on a bracket at the top of the  
stairs, and stood close by with my brace of  
pistols, dreading every moment that the  
door would give way and the miscreant  
rush upon me and yet with a stubborn  
rush of blood in my heart, which bade me  
not to flee so long as their remained a  
chance, however remote, of capturing  
him. He ceased his efforts after a time  
and I could hear him moving about in the  
dark. What was he about to do? Not  
long was I left in doubt, for I had hardly  
asked myself the question, when the noise  
of a pistol shot resounded through the  
house, responded to by a scream from me,  
and the door at the bottom of the stairs  
fell back upon its hinges; he had shot  
away the bolt. 'Now, mum, I'll pay you  
off for your little trick!' I heard him say.  
The next moment I saw him with a bottle  
in each hand and a large open knife be-  
tween his teeth, emerging out of the dull  
twilight made by the light of my candle at  
the entrance to the cellar.

'Come one step nearer and you are a  
dead man,' I exclaimed, standing at the  
top of the stairs and pointing both pistols  
full at him.

He turned yellow with fear, even through  
the lamp black with which his face was  
smeared, as he glanced up and saw me  
standing there, and dropping the bottles he  
shrank back into the darkest corner.

'Ha, ha, what a jolly larke,' he ex-  
claimed. 'But I say, mum, just turn them  
barkers away for a moment while I come  
up stairs.'

'Come a step nearer at your peril!—  
You have poisoned my dog and robbed me  
of my money and here you shall remain  
until I give you into the custody of the  
police, or receive a shot through the head.'

'A long and terrible volley of curses  
was his only reply, but he still kept care-  
fully out of sight, for much as he feared  
the police, he feared a bullet infinitely  
more.'

'If he only knew the pistols are not  
loaded!' I kept repeating to myself.

After this, the silence remained unbro-  
ken, for nearly five minutes; he was prob-  
ably brooding over what course he should  
next adopt. At length he spoke again:

'Let you and me be reasonable now,'  
he said; 'let us come to terms. I'll give  
you back the spoons, and the plate, and—  
'Not if you were to give back to the  
utmost farthing, would I let you go!—  
Here you are, and here you shall remain  
till I see those wrists of yours decorated  
with a pair of handcuffs.'

Another terrible volley of oaths was  
again his reply; then I heard him knock  
off the neck of a bottle, and drink at the  
contents. What I dreaded more than any-  
thing was, that he would drink till he lost  
the sense of fear, and then make a sudden  
rush up the staircase towards me; but  
whatever my fears might be, I stood still  
resolutely on the topmost stair, peering  
down into the darkness with eyes that  
never turned away, and holding a pistol  
firmly in either hand. Apparently the first  
result of Mr. Black's extra bottle was to  
cause him to take out my watch, fling it  
on the floor, and crunch it into minute par-  
ticles beneath his heel. 'Curse her! I'll  
have my revenge somehow!' I heard him  
mutter; and then he fell to drinking  
more wine.

How beautiful to me that morning looked  
the first cold streak of daylight which  
stole in after a time, and seemed to whis-  
per that deliverance was at hand!

Two or three times more did Mr. Black  
appeal now to my fear, now to my com-  
passion; but my only reply was a warn-  
ing to him not to put his foot on the stairs,  
a warning which he conscientiously obeyed.  
Then I heard more bottles broken,  
and I knew that he was drinking himself  
either into a state of frenzy or a state of  
helplessness. How slowly the morning  
advanced! it seemed as though it would  
never be seven o'clock. Every bone in  
my body got to ache terribly long before  
my weary watch was over; at intervals  
there danced before my eyes a strange  
phantasmagoria of figures, red, blue, and  
flame-colored; then my prisoner below  
would growl and whine like a wild beast  
in his lair, and recall my flagging atten-  
tion to the duty before me. When seven  
o'clock struck, I was weary almost to faint-  
ing; but help was near; for, a few min-  
utes later, Bessy and Mary drove up in a  
light cart, escorted by a stalwart cousin  
of the latter. I rushed to the door, and  
opened it as quickly as my trembling fin-  
gers would let me, and in a few words  
everything was told. The stalwart cousin  
was not to be alarmed by a dozen Mr.  
Blacks, but walked unconcernedly down  
stairs to see him, and there found him so  
helplessly drunk that no precaution was  
needed to keep him in safety till a constable  
arrived, who took him in custody and  
conveyed him to the nearest jail.

## United States Laws.

### OFFICIAL.

Passed at the Second Session of the Thirty-second

Congress.

AN ACT increasing, temporarily, the duties on

imports and for other purposes.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Rep-  
resentatives of the United States of America in Con-  
gress assembled, That, from and after the first day  
of August, A.D. 1862, eighteen hundred and  
sixty-two, in lieu of the duties heretofore im-  
posed by law on the articles hereinafter men-  
tioned, the following duties shall be levied, collected and paid, on the  
goods, wares, and merchandise hereinafter men-  
tioned, and provided for, imported from foreign  
countries, the following duties and rates of duty  
that is to say:

On sugar, or of sugar cane, or con-  
centrated molasses, or concentrated melao, two  
cents per pound.

On all sugar not above number twelve, Dutch  
standard in color, two and one half cents per  
pound.

On all sugar above number twelve, and not above  
number fifteen, Dutch standard in color, three  
cents per pound.

On all sugar above number fifteen and not above  
number twenty, Dutch standard in color, three  
cents per pound.

On all refined sugar in form of loaf, lump, crush-  
ed, powdered, pulverized or granulated, and  
all sugar dried, or other sugar above number  
twenty, Dutch standard in color, four cents per  
pound. Provided, That, in the case of sugar, by  
which the color and grades of sugar are regu-  
lated shall be selected and furnished to the  
collectors of such ports of entry as may be nec-  
essary, by the Secretary of the Treasury, from  
time to time and in such manner as he may  
deem expedient.

On sugar candy, not colored, six cents per pound,  
on all other confectionery, made wholly or in  
part of sugar, and on sugars after being refined  
when imported in any way adulterated, ten cents per



sent with orders in all directions, the Prince took a position on a hill in the rear, where he could see the field of battle, and watch the movements of his nephews. The scene he saw was grand, and his description of it is certainly given in glowing language. The fatigued are obliged to fly before the rush of fresh troops. The staff, "our nephews at its head," exhort themselves to the utmost to arrest the fugitives. Different attempts to stop the paraded. But at length the Prince and others with a few pieces prevented the necessity of forced retreat.

Brig. Gen. CASEY has not been placed on the retired list, but has been assigned to the duty of receiving and encamping troops as they arrive in Washington from the several States.

The Rev. ARTHUR A. ROSS will conduct service at the First Baptist Church to-morrow day and evening.

We had occasion recently to examine sales of several different manufacturers, after gaining all the information and data from the upper points in each, we decided to use the MARY'S mark, New York. Thousands of these sales are in use at the present time all parts of the world, and the manufacturers are in possession of innumerable testimonials to the taste to which they have been put. The look of this sale is superior to that of any manufacturer, and although 5000 sales of beer sold with the "La Belle" mark, it has been picked by a burglar. Persons who to purchase a sale should give us a call and for themselves as to our statements.

By the duties we owe to ourselves, to our  
 citizens with their glory, and to the battle for  
 right, we must not leave them to be swept  
 in the current. By all of the sacrifices of  
 ancestors, by all of the labored memories  
 past, by all that we owe to the preservation  
 popular government on earth, and by our de  
 to posterity, we must answer the call we  
 know to us, and that we may do our duty  
 preserving the Constitution and the Union of  
 American Commonwealths and that our sa

Senator Tamm, of Illinois, having noticed in the crowd was conducted to the front and introduced to the audience who awarded a speech. He gave it to them very apocryphal in retaining their attention; he expressed some truths in the pleasant

Black mining is profusely pursued at Kingston by a New York company of \$140 capital, which employs some twenty hands in putting up works for smelting. The ore is quite rich. Cobalt and sulphur of copper are found in connection with the nickel.

rebel brigade, supported by artillery, from the woods in the front, and just as they got into line of battle Gen. Milroy opened them with his battery of Wild Cat guns, seemed to sweep off an entire company of the rebel instantly taking to their heels across the woods. Shortly afterward Keyard, who continued, as before, in the









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